

The Hymn

APRIL 1956



FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL
1836-1879

Volume 7

Number 2

The President's Message

I want to report on an inspiring service which has a significance greater than the immediate occasion itself. It was a Hymn Festival on Sunday afternoon, February 5th, 1956, held in the Church of Sea and Land on the lower East Side of New York. The church was filled with about eight hundred people including some two hundred and fifty choir members, young and old.

The basis of the program was *Hymns by New Yorkers*, suggested by the fact that "Jesus, Savior, pilot me" was written in that church in 1871 by Edward Hopper, its pastor, when the church was carrying on a special work for seamen. Out of the many possibilities under the theme of the service, hymns or organ numbers by the following were used: Henry van Dyke, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Walter Russell Bowie, Frank Mason North, John Haynes Holmes, Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, Maltbie Davenport Babcock, Julia Cady Cory, Shepherd Knapp, William Pierson Merrill, Ray Palmer, Edward Hopper, Clarence Dickinson and Seth Bingham. Six denominations are represented on this list. Each hymn was introduced either by a message from the author or by a relative of the author, or by someone closely associated with the hymn.

The address was given by Dr. Paul Austin Wolfe of the Brick Presbyterian Church. The choirs, which filled the gallery of the church and gave magnificent leadership in the singing of the hymns, were led by Rev. Robert B. Lee of the Madison Ave. Presbyterian Church with Mrs. Lee at the organ. Ellen Payton was the soprano soloist.

Special features of the service were the Handbell Choir of the West Side Presbyterian Church, Ridgewood, N. J., led by Mrs. Doris Watson; and the singing of "My faith looks up to thee" in Chinese by the choir of the Chinese Presbyterian Church. Rev. K. C. Yeung, pastor of the church, and Rev. Stephen A. Murany, pastor of the Church of Sea and Land, had parts in the service. I brought greetings from the Hymn Society. Rev. George Litch Knight introduced certain hymns.

The idea of the service originated with Mrs. Floyd S. Muckey, a member of the Church of Sea and Land; and she, together with Dr. Paul S. Heath, Secretary of the Presbytery of New York, Mr. Murany, Mr. Knight and myself constituted the committee of arrangements.

It was a notable occasion, in the best tradition of the Hymn Festival, which lifted the congregation to God on the wings of song. This experience leads one to wonder how many communities over the country could do likewise, basing a program on the local tradition or on the broader tradition of the hymnody of the Church. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High."

—DEANE EDWARDS

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Rev. George Litch Knight, *Editor*

Dr. Ruth Ellis Messenger, *Associate Editor*

Edward H. Johe, *Assistant Editor*

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All correspondence concerning membership, literature of the society, or change of address should be directed to The Hymn Society of America, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, New York. Telephone: Gramercy 7-7663.

Editor's address: Rev. George Litch Knight, West Side Presbyterian Church, Ridge-wood, New Jersey. Telephone: OLiver 2-1967.

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The Editor's Column

SETTLING ON THE PROPER TUNE

One of the gravest problems which confronts the editor of a hymnal is the matter of what constitutes the "proper tune" for any of the hymns included therein. Especially does the problem come to the fore with the increasing number of hymnals presently coming from denominational presses and from private, commercial houses.

Fortunately, there are a number of hymns and tunes which are inseparably wedded. Who would consider using other than Dykes' NICAEA with the text "Holy, Holy, Holy," or separating "All people that on earth do dwell" from OLD HUNDREDTH? Many of the hymns and tunes in common use are permanently wedded, though a surprising number of good hymn texts have yet to find their "proper tune."

One must bear in mind that there are some hymn tunes which are favorites in a particular region, possibly unknown or little used elsewhere. Too, a hymnal editor must bear in mind that the hymnal he prepares will be used, in many instances, both in large cathedral-like churches as well as in country chapels. A tune which would be effective in the former would not always be meaningful or singable in the latter. For these two reasons there undoubtedly will always be some hymns with alternate tunes provided for them.

With the recovery of many hymnic treasures of earlier centuries, both in the Protestant and Catholic Churches, there is inevitably to be some common use within the two. With the revival of congregational singing in the Roman Catholic Church and its accompanying by-product, the production of more and better hymnals, there is a crying need for a standardization of tune names.

Thus, it would seem that such an organization as The Hymn Society of America might well consider the necessity of preparing a carefully selected list of "proper tunes" for the commonly used hymns as well as to set up the machinery necessary to determine a list of standard tune names which could be used in all hymnals, eliminating the all-too-frequent evidences of unnecessary names for a given tune.

In many similar fields standards have been arrived at, standards which have made possible real growth and development, once the initial stumbling-blocks were removed. It is impossible to underestimate the degree of hardship for hymnologists, let alone ministers and musicians, caused by the multiplicity of tune names—many of them duplications and most of them unnecessary.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-1879: Poetess of Consecration

JOHN H. JOHANSEN

OUR CHRISTIAN FAITH, unlike all other religious faiths, is one in which men and women are spiritually equal before God. The words of the Apostle Paul may be quoted as one of the watchwords of our faith: "There is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."¹

But while the church theoretically accepts this equality of God's love, as taught and exemplified by Christ, and as declared by the Apostle Paul, it has been slow to confer upon women in practice the same equality of spiritual service as enjoyed by men from the beginning of Christian history. It is, however, a sure indication that God does not limit His Divine Grace to men only, when we consider the fact that many of our best known and most widely loved hymns were written by women, and that by this medium alone they have made an outstanding and permanent contribution to the life and work of the Christian Church.

One has only to recall such names as Cecil Frances Alexander, Charlotte Elliott, Anne Steele, Annie Sherwood Hawks, Sarah Flower Adams, Harriet Auber, Adelaide Anne Procter, Anna Laetitia Waring, Jane Elizabeth Leeson, Arabella Katherine Hankey, Mary Artemisia Lathbury, and Katharine Lee Bates, to realize what a great contribution women have made to our common heritage of Divine praise and Christian faith and experience.

In the opinion of many, Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), was the greatest of the women hymn writers. Her name ought to be known and held in reverent affection by all lovers of our Lord and of His Church. Born December 14, 1836, at Astley, Worcestershire, England, the youngest child of a highly cultured and religious family, she was the daughter of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, the pioneer of reform in metrical psalmody, and god-daughter of another clergyman, the Rev. W. H. Ridley, whom she greatly loved. Frances was baptized by another hymn writer of distinction, the Rev. John Cawood, author of "Hark! what mean those holy voices?" She was a precocious child, being able at the age of three to read easy books, and at four she could read the Bible and was able to write. Her father became rector of St. Nicholas Church, Worcester, when she was five years old, and six years later she lost her mother, whose godly influence remained with her throughout her life.

Frances was a very attractive girl. Her father nicknamed her "Little Quicksilver." An Irish schoolfellow said she was "like a bird flashing into the room, her fair sunny curls falling round her shoulders, her bright eyes dancing, and her fresh sweet voice ringing through the room."² Frances committed the entire New Testament, the Psalms, Isaiah, and the Minor Prophets to memory. Privately tutored in England and Germany, she spent a year in the Luisenschule, Düsseldorf, attaining proficiency in several modern languages, and also in Greek and Hebrew, which she learned in order to be able to read the Bible in the original. She could play all of Handel and much of Mendelssohn and Beethoven without notes. Miss Havergal had a beautiful voice and was a popular singer in choral societies.

She began writing verse at the age of seven, and the little book in which she wrote her childhood hymns and rhymes begins with the following verses written at that early age.

Sunday is a pleasant day,
When we to church do go;
For there we sing and read and pray,
And hear the sermon too.

On Sunday hear the village bells,
It seems as if they said,
Go to church where the pastor tells
How Christ for man has bled.

And if we love to pray and read
While we are in our youth,
The Lord will help us in our need,
And keep us in His truth.³

The writing of verse came easily and naturally to Miss Havergal; but she says she never set herself to write it. She believed that the Master suggested a thought and whispered a musical line or two. "I can never set myself to write verse," she says. "I believe my King suggests a thought, and whispers me a musical line or two, and then I look up and thank Him delightedly, and go on with it. That is how the hymns and poems come."⁴ She tells us she often smiled to herself when people talked about her "gifted pen" or "clever verses." She says it was nothing of the kind; that her dear Master gave her musical thoughts one at a time, and she just put them down.

Miss Havergal's life was spent in doing aggressive religious and philanthropic work, and in singing the love of God the way of salva-

tion. She was an active worker in the Sunday school, the Church Missionary Society, the Aid societies, and she gave Bible readings in the servants' halls. She was much concerned about the needs of the poor and since many of them could not hope to rise economically because of intemperance, she advised them to sign a total abstinence pledge.

She was twenty-one years old when she composed her first real hymn, "I gave My life for Thee," and she was at that time studying at Düsseldorf. It will be remembered that Count Zinzendorf, the leader of the Moravian Church, said that he was led to devote himself to God by the sight of a picture in the art gallery at Düsseldorf, a picture of our Savior crowned with thorns, with the inscription beneath—"This I have suffered for you, but what have you done for me?"⁵ In the *Memorials* of Miss Havergal we are told that this hymn first appeared in *Good Words* and that it was written in Germany in 1858. So it is very possible that it was a copy of the same picture which suggested her hymn. The lines of the hymn flashed upon her, and she wrote them in a few minutes in pencil on the back of a circular. When she read them over she thought, "Well, this is not poetry. I will not go to the trouble to copy this." She stretched out her hand to put it into the fire, but a sudden impulse made her draw back, and she put the paper, crumpled and signed, into her pocket. Soon after she went to see an old woman in an almshouse. "She began to talk with me, as she always did, about her dear Saviour, and I thought I would see if the simple old woman would care for these verses, which I felt sure nobody else would care to read. So I read them to her, and she was so delighted with them that, when I went back, I copied them out, and kept them, and now the hymn is more widely known than any."⁶

I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed!
That thou might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave My life for thee;
What hast thou given for Me?

Long years were spent for thee
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
My glory thou might know;
Long years were spent for thee;
Hast thou spent one for Me?

THE HYMN

And I have brought to thee,
 Down from My home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and My love.
 Great gifts I brought to thee;
 What hast thou brought to Me?

Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for Him be spent,
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent;
 I gave Myself for thee;
 Give thou thyself to Me!

Some months later she showed these stanzas to her father, who encouraged her to preserve her verses, and he wrote the tune **BACA** for them. In the *Memorials* we read how she attended the Perry Church and heard three of her hymns sung. She says: "I never before realized the high privilege of writing for the 'great congregation,' especially when they sang 'I gave My life for thee,' to my father's tune, 'BACA.'"⁷

In recent hymn collections this hymn has been recast, so as to be addressed by us to Christ instead of by Christ to us, probably being considered as more suitable for public worship in that form. So in this revision the first stanza read:

Thy life was given for me
 Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
 That I might ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead;
 Thy life was given for me
 What have I given for Thee?

Miss Havergal made no objection to this alteration inasmuch as the sentiment of the hymn remained unchanged, but she preferred her own original version as being the most appealing and effective, with which thought many will agree.

Miss Havergal published several collections of poems and hymns, including *The Ministry of Song* (1870); *Under the Surface* (1874); *Loyal Responses* (1878); and *Under His Shadow* (1879). She was only forty-two years old when she died on June 3, 1879, at Caswell, near Swansea, Wales. The last Scripture text that was read to Miss Havergal, and the last that was ever read by her father, was, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." When asked if she

had any fear, she replied, "Why should I? Jesus said, 'It is finished,' and what was His precious blood shed for? I trust that. I am sure I am not worthy to be called his son, or his servant, but Jesus covers all: I am unworthy, but in Him complete."⁸ Before her death she requested that her tombstone bear this inscription from I John: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Hymnody has been for ever enriched by her contribution of great texts and tunes.

One of the most cultured women of her time, adding to scholarship of no mean order a refinement which should ever accompany it, but does not always do so, Miss Havergal was truly consecrated in every particular to the service of Christ. Her hymns testify to that. In addition to "Thy life was given for me," of which we have already written, the following hymns from her pen are distinctly hymns of consecration: "Take my life, and let it be," "Jesus, Master, whose I am," "Lord, speak to me, that I may speak," "Who is on the Lord's side?" and "True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal."

It was on February 4, 1874, that she composed the best-known of all her hymns, her Consecration Hymn, "Take my life," and we have her own account of how she came to write it. She says:

I went for a little visit of five days to Areley House. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed-for; some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, "Lord, give me all in this house!" And He just did. Before I left the house everyone had got a blessing, including the two daughters of the house, who trusted and rejoiced toward midnight of the last day I spent there. I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise, and renewal of my own consecration. These little couplets formed themselves, and chimed in my heart, one after another, till they finished with, "Ever, only, all, for Thee."⁹

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee,
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee,
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

THE HYMN

Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise,
 Take my intellect and use
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
 It shall be no longer mine.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own!
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure-store;
 Take myself, and I will be,
 Ever, only, all, for Thee.

It is very striking to notice how in each of the twelve couplets of this poem, the combination of my Lord and myself recurs. It ought to be carefully noted because it is full of devotional helpfulness. "My life . . . consecrated to Thee;" "My hands . . . Thy love;" "My voice . . . my King;" "My will . . . Thine;" "My love . . . Thy feet;" "Myself . . . Thee." These are just a few of the pairs which might be picked out. Christ has a claim upon every part of us; all to Him I owe.

In her letters Miss Havergal reveals the details of her life even more fully than in her hymns, many of which are autobiographical. As a comment on that last two lines of the third stanza of this hymn we have the following words from her own pen:

"Take my silver and my gold" now means shipping off all my ornaments, including a jewel cabinet which is really fit for a countess, to the Church Missionary Society where they will be accepted and disposed of for me. I retain only a brooch for daily wear, which is a memorial of my dear parents; also a locket with the only portrait I have of my niece in heaven, Evelyn. I had no idea I had such a jeweller's shop; nearly fifty articles are being packed off. I don't think I need tell you I never packed a box with such pleasure.¹⁰

Miss Havergal's favorite name for the Savior was Master, because, she said, "it implies rule and submission, and this is what love craves. Men may feel differently, but a true woman's submission is inseparable from deep love."¹¹ This feeling is apparent in the hymn "Lord, speak to me that I may speak." Miss Havergal gave the title, "A Worker's Prayer," at the head of the original manuscript of this hymn, written at Winterdyne, April 28, 1872, which was printed on a leaflet with

music the same year. It was based upon Romans 14:7; "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

This thought of submission through consecration is seen also in the hymn "Jesus, Master, Whose I am," which was written by Miss Havergal in December, 1865 for her nephew the Rev. J. H. Shaw. It was first printed as one of a series of leaflets, and then published in *The Ministry of Song* (1869), with the text, "Whose I am, and whom I serve" (Acts 27:23).

Jesus, Master, Whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

Other lords have long held sway;
Now Thy Name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
Oh, be Thou my All—in—all!

One other hymn by the Poetess of Consecration must be mentioned, and that is "Golden harps are sounding." One December day in 1871, Miss Havergal was visiting a friend, Mr. Snepp of Perry Bar, and she walked with him to the boys' school, and, while he went into it, leaned against the playground wall to rest, as she was very tired. When Mr. Snepp returned ten minutes later he found her busy scribbling on an old envelope. At his request she gave him the hymn which she had just written, and which has become very popular in America. It is an Ascension Song based on Ephesians 4:8. The first stanza of this hymn, composed amid such apparently inappropriate surroundings, is as follows:

Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices sing,
Pearly gates are opened,

THE HYMN

Opened for the King;
 Jésus, King of Glory,
 Jesus, King of Love,
 Is gone up in triumph
 To His throne above.
 All His work is ended,
 Joyfully we sing;
 Jesus hath ascended!
 Glory to our King!

For this hymn Miss Havergal afterwards composed her stirring tune HERMAS, the tune which was on her lips when, eight years later, on June 3, 1879, the "pearly gates" were opened for her, and she passed into the presence of her King.

Footnotes

¹ Galatians 3:28.

² Kelynack, William S., *Companion to the School Hymn-Book of the Methodist Church*. London, The Epworth Press, 1950, p. 119.

³ Havergal, Maria V. G., *Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal*. London, James Nisbet & Co., 1880, p. 9.

⁴ Earle, Miss L. B., *Miss Havergal's Story*. Boston, James H. Earle, Publisher, 1889, p. 75.

⁵ See the recent biography by Weinlick, John R., *Count Zinzendorf*. New York, Abingdon Press, 1956, pp. 41-42.

⁶ *Memorials* (note 3), p. 65.

⁷ *Memorials* (note 3), p. 103.

⁸ Earle, Miss L. B. (note 4), pp. 118, 119.

⁹ *Memorials* (note 3), pp. 132, 133.

¹⁰ Quoted by Bailey, Albert Edward, *The Gospel in Hymns*. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1950, p. 405.

¹¹ Moffatt, James, *Handbook to the Church Hymnary*. London, Oxford University Press, 1927, p. 365.

"O God, Who to a loyal home"

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's new hymn for the home appears on the back cover of this issue. The National Council of Churches is featuring this hymn in the celebration of National Family Week, May 6-13, 1956. It will be widely used throughout the Churches of America. Copies with music will be available from The Hymn Society office at a moderate price.

An Annotated Julian

CHARLES L. ATKINS

JULIAN'S DICTIONARY OF HYMNOLOGY has practically achieved the status of Holy Writ among hymnophiles and, to writers on subjects pertaining to hymns, the adjective "monumental" has become an inseparable epithet. The fact that the current revision is expected to take years before completion adds to the awe in which the tome is held. One feels almost as though the book were sacrosanct and omniscient—there is nothing amiss within the covers nor may anything be added save in the way of bringing it up to date. Perhaps some of the hymns that were in CU in 1884 in England, but even then and there on the way out, might be excised. Otherwise, no tampering!

Yet in a comprehensive Index of first lines compiled over a period of forty years, from more than five hundred hymnals, mostly American and not including the "gospel songs" type, of the first one hundred entries fifty-two are not in Julian and of these fifty-two, only six were written since 1900. This does not indicate anything remiss with the *Dictionary*—Julian intended it for a book of English hymns or for other languages which had found a place in England. It was not a dictionary of hymns in the English language. Consequently, there are hundreds of hymns that have attained sufficient popularity in America to be included in three or more hymnals from varying sources that never rated Julian. American editors of the *Dictionary* have almost perforce limited their comments to American hymns which have also been used in England and they have confined their studies to a comparatively small number of American hymnals.

In the forty years that went into the making of the Index already mentioned, I have annotated Julian marginally at the same time. Opening the book at random, pages 440-449 inclusive show thirty-four notes. Granted that most of these notes are not very important and that they would not average three to the page throughout, it is evident that some interesting facts about hymns may yet be learned by any one who will dig into the old books. Perhaps a few samples may show this.

J 125-6 This is the article on one of Paul Gerhardt's greatest hymns, "Befiehl du deine Wege," translated "Commit thou all thy griefs" by John Wesley, 1739. It is one of Wesley's noblest translations and fully worthy of the great popularity it has enjoyed. But it is somewhat long for general congregational use (eight stanzas of eight lines) and most hymnals have abridged it. One of the best abridgments, and most widely used, begins with the ninth four-line stanza, "Give to the winds thy fears." As Julian remarks, this appears in Kennedy's *Hymnologia Christiana*, London, 1863. But, among others, it also appears in these

three well-known American collections: the *Hartford Selection*, 1799; *Village Hymns*, 1824; and the *Sabbath Hymn Book*, Andover, 1858.

Of others not listed in Julian we may note "Commit thy ways, O pilgrim," one eight-line stanza in H. R. Palmer's *The Leader*, 1874. It is in 76 meter and set to one of J. S. Bach's arrangements of H. L. Hassler's tune, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden." Chas. W. Wendte, a popular compiler of Sunday School books for the Unitarians, added a second eight-line stanza in *The Carol*, 1886, and simplified the harmony of the tune. It would be interesting to know who made the translation and how much of the original was really put into English.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles made a good translation, "Commit thy way to God," published in 1858 and noted in Julian. From this the *Christian Hymn Book*, 1863, official in the old Christian Connection, took three stanzas beginning "Up, up, the day is breaking."

Of recent years, H. Augustine Smith chose for his *New Church Hymnal*, 1937, a translation by B. R. W., 1933, and appearing first in a book entitled *The Way of Life*. The first line of this translation is "Give thy heart's love and labor." The Episcopal *Hymnal 1940* has a new translation by Arthur W. Farlander and Winfred Douglas, written for the book in 1938. It opens "Commit thou all that grieves thee." Finally, *The Lutheran Hymnal*, 1941, has a composite translation beginning "Commit whatever grieves thee," and this hymnal is not afraid to publish twelve eight-line stanzas, using Hassler's tune once more.

J 182 Bishop Heber's great Epiphany hymn, "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," carries the comment that an altered version, "Hail the blest morn! See the great Mediator," appeared in *PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR THE WORSHIP OF GOD*, Richmond, Va., 1863. Long before the Civil War, American singers had fallen for the swinging meter, but had worried about singing to a star. So they added a preliminary stanza, turned Heber's first stanza into a chorus to be sung after each stanza, composed one of America's most charming tunes and sent it on its triumphant way. Here is the new stanza:

Hail the blest morn when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guards, the bright angels attend.

The words appeared at least as early as the early 1820s and the tune is in Joshua Leavitt's *Christian Lyre*, 1830-31. Jean Ritchie uses it in her *Singing Family of the Cumberlands*, 1955, and it is to be hoped that future editors will make use of this lovely modal tune, which is far

superior to any of the jingles currently applied to the words.

J 323ff By-passing some additional translations of "Ein' feste Burg," let us just mention "God is a castle and defense" used at the tremendous World's Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1872, translator's name not mentioned—then throw out a suggestion to researchers. In the 1823 edition of the West Society's *Collection*, Boston, is "The Lord our God's a stable Tower" by G. B. Since George Bancroft, historian and statesman, founder of the U.S. Naval Academy, had just returned from Germany and was interested in both Unitarianism and literature, is there not a good likelihood that "G. B." is this same George Bancroft?

Suppose we move over into the Supplements to find if there be anything in the later sections that can be annotated.

J 1588 Here Julian comments that E. Bickersteth in the 1890 edition of the *Hymnal Companion* had changed "Savior, breathe an evening blessing" to "Father, breathe . . . ;" the reason being that he had substituted a new final stanza for the original and this substitution was in effect a doxology, therefore he might say "Father." Unitarians and Universalists in America and others following their lead had not feared to pray to God the Father long before the *Hymnal Companion* waxed so daring. The Cheshire Pastoral Association made the change as early as 1844 and the Free-Will Baptists in 1853.

J 1680 "O Father, hear my morning prayer" is credited to Hunter's *Hymns of Faith and Life*, 1896, as by "Frances A. Percy." It is by Frances A. Percy, all right, but from Lyman Abbott's *Plymouth Hymnal*, 1893, where biographical details are given. Mrs. Percy was born Frances Annette Coan in Guilford, Conn., in 1843, and in 1864 became a missionary of the American Missionary Association to work with freedmen in Norfolk, Va. Here she married Mr. Henry G. Percy, superintendent of the mission. She wrote occasional poetry for periodicals. This hymn has been fairly popular in the twentieth century, both in the United States and in England.

J 1703 Edward Rowland Sill included "Send down thy truth, O Lord" in his *The Hermitage*, 1867, but it did not wait for the 1904 *Pilgrim Hymnal* to find a place in hymnals; it was in the Unitarian *Hymn and Tune Book* of 1868 and at least ten other books before 1900.

Such notes as I have made above, can occasionally be used by compilers of Handbooks to hymnals, in tracing origins lost sight of. Examples of this are "I sought the Lord and afterward I knew," an anonymous hymn formerly attributed to Jean Ingelow; and "Father Almighty, bless us with thy blessing," long credited to an English source but now shown to be an American hymn. Both are reported in Haeussler's *Story of our Hymns*. (Pp. 273, 267)

The Son of God Goes Forth to War

TALWIK: C. M. D.

Reginald Heber, 1827

John Leo Lewis, 1955



The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;



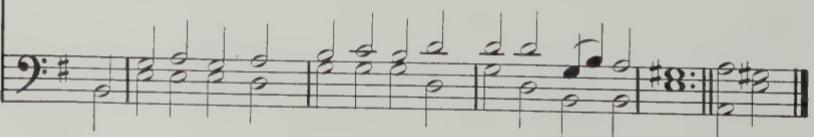
His blood red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,



Who pa-tient bears His cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A-men.



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The Making of a Hymn

GEORGE WALLACE BRIGGS

LET ME SAY at once that the scope of this article is strictly limited. I do not propose to go at length into the definition of a hymn. We are all agreed that the center of any true hymn must be the thought of God. Some would go further, and make every hymn objective; they would have nothing to do with subjective hymns. But that would certainly condemn a good deal of the Psalter, the model hymn book of all time. It is true that it is not a hymn when we inform our neighbors that we are not feeling very well. Yet our own feelings cannot be entirely ruled out. The revelation of God, and the praise of God, must come first; but our own thirst after God also has its proper place. Subjective hymns can be sadly overdone. Nonetheless, some of our greatest hymns—"Abide with me," "Rock of ages," "Lead, kindly light," and scores of others—are frankly subjective.

But let that pass. I am concerned now solely with the structure of a hymn. I seem to remember, from my far-off Cambridge days, a definition of Aristotle—"a living personality." That is the real test of any work of art, whether it be an essay, a sermon, a picture, or a hymn. If you cannot give it a name, there is something wrong with it.

Let me illustrate what I mean. You are drawing, shall we say, a horse. Well, there are all sorts of horses; but there is something which is a horse, and something which is decidedly not. You must not make it half a horse, and half a cow. And you must have some reasonable proportion between its general make-up—its head, body, legs and tail. Nor must you stick on an extra leg because you happen to have it in stock, and think it rather nice, and do not know what else to do with it.

This may seem rather silly; but it is really vital. Charles Spurgeon once said that some sermons were a very little house with a very big porch. The same disproportion may ruin a hymn.

A good hymn is a unity, properly balanced. It has one theme and one only. Watts' "O God our help" is about the eternal care of God, and about nothing else. Charles Wesley's "Christ whose glory" is about the Light of men. Hosmer's "O thou in all thy might so far, In all thy love so near" is about the omnipresence of God. These great hymns are not only a unity, but in due proportion and with no excrescences.

There are, of course, a few great hymns which break any rules. "Rock of ages" is full of conflicting metaphors. John Wesley's translation from the German

Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain

begins comfortably at anchor. Half-way through it is in mid-Atlantic, in a roaring gale! Before you know where you are, it is at anchor again. "Fixed on this ground I will remain!" It is all a little confusing. Yet these are great hymns, not because they break the rule, but in spite of it.

Let us get on with the making of our hymn. We have presumably decided on the subject, and the proportion of the body and limbs. How are they to be welded together?

The one thing vital is that there should be one consecutive theme; but there are various devices which from time to time appear. They come naturally to the trained writer, but may not be noticed by the average reader. I take the first stanza of "Abide with me."

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

In that one stanza alone there are four literary devices, yet so simple and unconscious that not one person in ten notices them. There is the double alliteration: "fast falls," "darkness deepens," and later on "fail," and "flee." There is inversion of the phrase "Abide with me," "with me abide;" the repetition of the words "helpers," "help," "helpless;" and finally the clamping down of the stanza with the phrase with which it began, "Abide with me." It is not often that all the tricks of the trade come in a single stanza. When they come, it is generally one at a time. Throughout all verse, ancient and modern, repetition properly done (it must be properly done!) adds strength. Frequently, it is the repetition of a simple phrase, as "Abide with me" in every stanza of the hymn. Or it may be a single word:

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace
Hail the Sun of righteousness.

Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Or again, in the hymn "Through the night of doubt and sorrow:"

One the object of our journey
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward
One the hope our God inspires.

And this word "One" is repeated in four stanzas. It carries the hymn along. Another example is Montgomery's "Songs of praise the angels sang," where the phrase "Songs of praise" is repeated in every stanza.

Sometimes a phrase may be inverted. We have already seen it in "Abide with me," "with me abide." Here is another very simple, but very effective example:

Praise to the holiest in the height
And in the depths be praise,
In all his works most wonderful
Most sure in all his ways.

The inversion comes twice over. Another famous instance is in Isaac Watts' hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross."

See from his head, his hands, his feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?

And there is that beautiful couplet from Samuel Longfellow,

Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand.

Here from Charles Wesley is inversion within inversion (or chiasmus).

Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

This trick of repetition and inversion is not peculiar to verse. It is common in music where a repeated or inverted melody holds the piece together.

Most of us know the effect in verse of alliteration. For instance, in Gray's *Elegy*:

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.

The second line just quoted has a double alliteration. Here, we have it in Isaac Watts' lines:

They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Cardinal Newman uses a single alliteration, six times over:

And with the dawn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Everybody notices the haunting melody but not everybody the reason for it.

Let us not deceive ourselves. These technical tricks do not come in every good hymn, nor indeed, in most of them, and when they come, they must be almost unconscious. There is one hymn in which repetition, and in one instance inversion, is exploited to the full. It is by John Byrom, author of "Christians, awake."

My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a guest.

Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it comes from Thee.

Unless it comes from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found
But in thy blessed love:
O, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above. *Congregational Praise*, 296.

Is that good or bad? Frankly, I cannot make up my mind. It is very clever. But *ars est celare artem* and here the art is served out with a soup-ladle.

Well, we have discussed the structure of our hymn. Now we come to its decoration. Beware of decorations, especially those which are cheap and flashy. Bad hymns are full of cheap ornament. Isaac Watts, in his preface, apologized for the simplicity of his hymns because they had to be "sunk to the level of vulgar capacities." He had to neglect some of the beauties of poesy. Lucky man! That is why his hymns, at their best, are so good. It is written of our Lord, that "the common people heard him gladly." His language is profoundly simple. And simplicity is the highest form of art.

Enemy number one is, of course, the adjective. It has been remarked that in the old Latin Collects there are no adjectives, but only nouns and verbs. That is not fully true, but very nearly so. And it is the reason why these old prayers are so strong, when compared with some of our highly-decorated modern prayers. If you want to see what

can be done without adjectives, read the first chapter of Genesis, or of St. John's Gospel.

The same thing is true, to a much lesser degree, of long words. Most of the strong words in our language are of one syllable. "Damn" is a much stronger word than "condemn!" Now and then a very long word may be introduced with good effect. The Wesleys among others, often do this. Sometimes it comes off; sometimes, not. "Unfathomable depths thou art" is a great line. So is "Effulgence of the light divine." On the other hand, "With inextinguishable blaze" is rather a mouthful. And "to prove thine acceptable will" is simply intolerable. On the whole, the shorter the words the better. Simplicity—and again simplicity—is the secret of high art.

All hymn writers, even the greatest, write a good deal that is poor stuff, and is mercifully forgotten. Isaac Watts, who is so great at his best, is very pedestrian at his worst. Perhaps that is a comfort to us smaller folk! Few hymns can sustain the same high level throughout. Not a few really good hymns have some weak spot. Take a well-known hymn, "And now, O Father, mindful of the love." Look at stanza 3.

And then for those, our dearest and our best
By this prevailing Presence we appeal.

So far that is very good, and a very pleasing alliteration. But line three is less convincing,

O fold them to thy mercy's breast,

and line four is really bad:

O do thine utmost for their souls' true weal.

Fancy asking the Almighty to do His best!

The end of the matter is, that the writing of good hymns is very difficult. You must be simple, but not pedestrian. You are handicapped by the habit—the necessity—of rhyme. John Milton, in his later days, in the preface to *Paradise Lost* protested against it—"the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter." And this from the author of *Lycidas* and the *Nativity Ode!* Perhaps the iron had entered into his soul, after his vain attempts to write metrical Psalms, within the prejudices of his day.

Still more, you are limited in scope, as the writer of a poem is not limited. You must get in all you want to say, within the limit of a few stanzas: and every stanza, almost every line, must be a unit in itself. It is like making a very small wrist watch; and that requires much more skill than to make a grandfather clock. No wonder that perfect hymns are rare.

Hymnal Names for Deity

DANIEL LYMAN RIDOUT

IN our voluminous old family Bible there is a list of the "Names and Titles Given to Jesus Christ in the Scriptures." I counted them one day and found that there are two hundred and twenty-two names and titles given to Deity in the sixty-six books of the Book of Books.

The writers of the hymns of the church have considerably outdone the writers of the books of the Bible in giving names and titles to Deity. From *The Methodist Hymnal* alone, for example, I have listed two hundred and sixty-five that are authorized by capitalization. If we were to include those names and titles not capitalized, we would run into that proverbial "host which no man can number."

The capitalizing of the first letter of a name or title for Deity is to me of great importance because of the distinction it gives. It has always seemed tragic to me that most publishing establishments have grown away from the time-honored practice of capitalizing the first letters of pronouns for the Supreme Being. After all, as Dr. George Buttrick said, in the preface to one of his earlier books, *The Parables Of Jesus*, the capital letter is the only tribute type can pay Him (Jesus).

In compiling a concordance of *The Methodist Hymnal* fifteen years ago, the writer's attention was called not only to the numerous titles for Deity in the official hymn book of his denomination, but by the rarity of capitals. The book is by no means consistent in this regard, as, for example, in the hymn, "There's a song in the air," by Josiah G. Holland, which reads in the second stanza:

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.

However, in "Silent night, Holy night," this same hymnal shows "Round yon Virgin Mother and Child." There is no disputing that the Child was the Boy.

The ancient Christian hymn, translated by Henry M. Dexter, "Shepherd of tender youth," has thirteen titles for Deity—more than any one hymn we know. *The Methodist Hymnal* designates each by capitalization: Shepherd, King, Word, Healer, High Priest, Guide, Pride, Staff, Song, and of course, Christ, Lord, Jesus, and Christ of God.

However, this hymnal overlooks the capitalization of such beautiful titles in a great hymn, "Fight the good fight," as in the lines, "Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy Right," "Christ is the Path, and Christ the Prize," "Christ is its Life, and Christ its Love," "That Christ

is *All in All* to thee." (Capitalizations given here are the author's.)

The names for Deity found in the hymns of the church are in many cases unique, supremely poetic, and as perfectly descriptive of His Person as it is possible for words to express. Many other single hymns are rich in the abundance of them. Two modern hymns begin each stanza with gloriously beautiful titles,—"O Son of God Incarnate," by Wilbur Fisk Tillet (1854-1936), and "Spirit of Life, in this new dawn," by Earl Marlatt, of the Perkins School of Theology at Southern Methodist University. Note the four titles in the first hymn; Son of God Incarnate, Mind of God Incarnate, Heart of God Incarnate, Will of God Incarnate. In the second hymn there are five: Spirit of Life, Spirit Creative, Spirit Consoling, Spirit Redeeming, Spirit of Love. The first hymn, moreover, continues the first three stanzas with additional titles to those of the opening lines: Son of Man Divine, Thought in flesh enshrined, and Love-bearer to mankind.

The Palm Sunday processional hymn, "O Thou Eternal Christ of God," contains eight more titles: Holy Savior of mankind, Life, Light, Exalted Lord and King, Christ, Redeemer, Brother, Friend.

Our new hymn writers give us many of the most effulgent titles for Deity. While Charles Wesley's Radiancy Divine in his hymn, "Christ Whose glory fills the skies," can hardly be surpassed, Harry Webb Farrington's (1880-1931) titles, Strong Spirit and Enfolding Life, in his aviator's hymn, "O God Creator, in Whose hand the rolling planets lie," are no less glorious. Then there are Henry H. Tweedy's jewels, Light and Fire Divine, and Wind of God, in "O Spirit of the Living God;" and May Rowland's Blessed Peace, and Peace of God, in the hymn, "Come, Peace of God, and dwell again on earth."

Many of the most impressive titles are in equally impressive hymns. A greatly neglected hymn is that of Frederick H. Hedge (1805-1890), written in the rare 887 meter:

It is finished! Man of Sorrows!
From Thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

In subsequent stanzas, the hymn writer calls Jesus, Guide of heroes, saints and sages, Mighty Sufferer, and Sufferer Victorious.

The word *beloved*, always a charming and tender word, appears in *The Methodist Hymnal* once only, and then in the third stanza of a sublime Christmas hymn, Christina Rossetti's "In the bleak mid-winter."

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,

Cherubim and seraphim
 Thronged the air;
 But His mother only,
 In her maiden bliss,
 Worshiped the Beloved
 With a kiss.

Incidentally, the word *kiss* occurs in *The Methodist Hymnal* here only.

The title, God Triune, in "O day of rest and gladness," always fascinated me. But even more so does Triune God in "Ancient of Days." Yet, Triune Majesty excels both of these in Christopher Wordsworth's hymn, "Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to heaven and voices raise," which concludes thus: "Alleluia! Alleluia! To the Triune Majesty."

The tune, RUSSIAN HYMN, composed by Alexis F. Lvov, enjoys a text by an Englishman, Henry Fothergill Chorley. It recognizes Him with these magnificent titles: God the Omnipotent, God the All-merciful, God the All-righteous One. What could be more rare than the titles in the following hymns: Incarnate Word and Holy Comforter in "Come, Thou Almighty King;" The Father's Co-eternal Son and The Bleeding Prince of Life and Peace in "O Love Divine, what hast Thou done!" And finally, The Babe, the Son of Mary in "What Child is this?"

Percy Dearmer's remarkable hymn, with its seventeenth-century tune DESSAU, "Book of Books, our people's strength," has in the last stanza the fitting title, .

Light of Knowledge ever burning.
 Shed on us Thy deathless learning.

The late Dr. Frank Mason North calls Him Master Mind in the last stanza of his hymn, "The world's astir!" but goes considerably further in the very next line and calls Him Master Heart! The title, Original, in "The spacious firmament on high," holds its place among the classic titles of all time. He comes to us in great reality in Ozora Davis' (1866-1931) hymn, "We bear the strain of earthly care," which continues

But bear it not alone;
 Beside us walks our Brother Christ,
 And makes our task His own.

An ancient hymn from the twelfth century calls Him, Thou Joy of loving hearts, Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of Men, Thou Living Bread, and the Fountain Head. In one of the greatest and most familiar hymns of all time He is A mighty Fortress, A Bulwark never failing, Our Helper and Lord Sabaoth.

Looking over my illuminating list of hymnal names for Deity, I am lost "in wonder, love and praise." Truly is His Name above every name. The beloved Methodist poet, Charles Wesley, wonderfully wrote,

Jesus! the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

Happy, if, with my latest breath,
I may but gasp His Name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb."

Stephen Daye, First Printer in the U.S.A.

FREDERIC E. FOX

THIS IS BEING written in the Widener Library of Harvard College in Cambridge, Massachusetts. I am a Princeton man and a roving reporter who came here to find the truth about Stephen Daye, the first printer in the American colonies, but no one around Harvard seems to know much about him or care. Perhaps because Mr. Daye had no use for Mr. Dunster, the first President of Harvard College.

Mr. Daye began printing books in Cambridge, with an order for 1700 copies of *The Bay Psalm Book* to be used as hymnals in the churches of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. This was the first book printed in the American colonies and also the first best seller, running through twenty-seven editions and topping the list for 100 years.

The *Bay Psalm Book* was printed in 1640 to sell for twenty cents per copy but now, the ten remaining copies of the first edition bring \$151,000 apiece. The Old South Church in Boston is still kicking itself for letting a blundering Trustee trade three of these old hymn books for some spanking new books in the 1800's.

This afternoon, I walked all over Cambridge seeking evidences of Mr. Daye and his *Bay Psalm Book* but no one would give me much information. They were polite enough but I sensed a coolness toward Mr. Daye, who unfortunately was not an alumnus of Harvard. They might hold this against him. In most of the histories from the stacks of the Widener Library, he is disdainfully described as "an uneducated, almost illiterate man." But they can't get around the fact that this man printed the first and now the most precious book in the U.S.A.

Mr. Daye never tried to enter Harvard. He was too old and too busy. He was forty-six when he moved from Cambridge, England, to Cambridge, Mass., and he had three children to support on little or no money. The printing press did not belong to him. It belonged to his employer, the Rev. Jose Glover, and so did he. In an iron contract, Mr. Daye was holden and firmly bound to the Rev. Mr. Glover until he repaid his passage money of 100 pounds.

These arrangements were modified by the Reverend's untimely death at sea. When the ship docked at Boston, the press, the baggage and the Widow Glover were all in the hands of Mr. Daye but I hasten to say here that there is not a shred of evidence to suggest he took advantage of this situation.

No one knows exactly where the press was unwrapped and set up. It seems likely to have been in the Widow Glover's house on the west side of Crooked Lane (now straightened and called Holyoke St.), a few steps south of the Harvard Yard. Anyway, the industrious Mr. Daye began printing immediately. His first broadside, "The Freeman's Oath," appeared in 1638 and it was soon followed by a paper-bound Almanack of 1639, neither of which are now extant. The next year saw the printing of *The Bay Psalm Book* and the arrival of Henry Dunster, a handsome Don from Cambridge University who had such a reputation for Oriental languages that he was immediately snapped up by the Trustees of Harvard and made its first President.

Printing *The Bay Psalm Book* was a terrific job. It was a standard-sized book of 296 pages requiring 125,800 impressions on a crude flat press. After each impression, Mr. Daye had to ink the type by hand with two "inking balls" which looked like potato mashers covered with dirty socks. This was a tedious and fretful process because the ink was sticky and the inking balls often pulled letters out of the form and flipped them onto the floor. Even so, his printing was remarkably accurate; only sixty errors in the whole book.

Perhaps Mr. Daye wasn't as illiterate as Harvard charges him or maybe he had some good proof readers. *The Bay Psalm Book* was compiled by thirty learned and pious Divines from the environs of Boston, and their finicky interest in the printing must have added to Mr. Daye's distress. Printers are notoriously independent folk and it must have been very difficult having thirty learned—not to say pious—proof-readers breathing down his neck.

Every effort was made to have the Psalms rendered faithfully and exactly. The main reason for having the book printed in the first place was to get a more literal translation of the original Hebrew texts. The dour Puritans of New England aimed to improve on the hymn book

which the Pilgrims brought over on the Mayflower. That one was much too free in its poetic license and therefore too easy to sing. What the Puritans of Cambridge-Boston seemed to want was a closer fitting translation to educate the people but not stir them, and that's what they got. In *The Bay Psalm Book*, the psalms are corseted into rather awkward and prosaic Elizabethan verse. As the Puritans said in their Preface, "We have attended Conscience rather than Elegance, fidelity rather than poetry."

Now picture Mr. Daye in the cellar of the Glover house on Crooked Lane sweating over the press and holding his tongue in the presence, perhaps, of the Puritan compilers, while upstairs, the Widow Glover serves tea to that expert on Oriental languages, her suitor, Henry Dunster, the President of Harvard College. Mr. Dunster was a fast worker and in less than a year, he found, won and moved the Widow Glover and her printing press to his house on Cow Path Lane in the Harvard Yard.

The marriage was a rude jolt to the First Printer and I doubt whether he considered himself part of the Widow's dowry. He probably felt his debt was cancelled because he soon quit the printing business and left town to go prospecting for iron ore in the wilderness between Boston and Worcester.

Two years later, Mrs. Dunster died and willed the press to her husband who continued to operate it for Harvard College, with the help of Mr. Daye's son, Matthew. The press then turned out a series of Almanacks, Sermons, Harvard theses, and finally, an improved version of *The Bay Psalm Book* by Mr. Dunster himself, in 1647. This hymn book was not as popular as the original; in fact, neither was the President. He lost favor with Harvard and left Cambridge in 1654, the same year Mr. Daye returned. I cannot help seeing some connection between the two events. With Dunster out of the way, the First Printer came back to his press, joined the local Church, found a new wife and lived happily forever after.

Now, if the little man at the door will let me out, I'm going to leave this Library and walk over to Massachusetts Avenue to pay my respects at the Cambridge Savings Bank which stands on the site of Daye's old house, with a tiny bronze plaque in his memory, high on the east wall. Or I might walk down Holyoke St. to the Harvard Hygiene Building on the spot where the Widow Glover used to live and where *The Bay Psalm Book* could have been printed. But both of those places will make rather dismal pilgrimages. It might be better for me to sing some grand old Pilgrim hymn in memory of Stephen Daye, the first printer in the American colonies.

REVIEW

At Worship. A Hymnal for Young Churchmen. Harper Brothers, N. Y., 1951.

The Preface of this Hymnal sets forth the aims of the three editors, Roy A. Burkhardt, W. Richard Weagly and Hazel R. Brownson: "The book . . . begins with God's natural world and the world of human relationships; it moves to a discovery of the God within; it explores available resources the appropriation of which makes possible in everyday living the commitments accepted; it deals with great life commitments in which the seeker is led to grow into a oneness with God and with all humanity; and, finally, it sets forth the meaning of victorious eternal living."

Inasmuch, as the hymns are focused to help modern youth arrive at a deeper understanding of worship, so also, uniquely modern titles have been designated for the five sectional headings. Former "hymn clichés" have been omitted. Old favorites have been included, but a fresh approach to the natural world employs such hymns as: "Seek not afar for beauty," a 20th century contribution of Minot J. Savage with a Samuel Wesley setting. Paulus Gerhardt's "Now all the Woods are sleeping" which has been omitted in so many hymnals, has found its way into this one. In the "human world" there is not much new material, except perhaps, G. A. Studert-Kennedy's "When through the whirl of wheels and engines humming" with a tune by David Evans.

The second section, "Problems

and Potentialities" includes John Bunyan's "He who would valiant be" with the setting of Canon Douglas. Both text and tune should be in every hymnal. It is unusual, but perfectly plausible to find two wedding hymns listed under "potential;" "O Perfect Love" and "Lord, who at Cana's wedding feast."

For the Advent, Christmas and Epiphany seasons a very complete assortment of hymns comprises the third section of this hymnal. A few unfamiliar hymns are included, and with tunes of equal calibre, these hymns can well be used as anthem material for childrens' choirs. Most of these are in unison with splendid accompaniments. Also, in this brief section of four hymns, pertaining to the youth and ministry of Christ, a seldom seen hymn by Allen Eastman Cross with a Welsh setting, lends interest: "Young and radiant, he is standing as he stood at Salem's shrine." In the Palm Sunday, Holy Week, Good Friday and Easter portion, the hymns are all familiar. But in the subdivision "Christ Dedication" under "Resources," some of the fine plainsong melodies have been included. One wonders why more editors have not used them in compilations. The *Tantum Ergo* (PANGE LINGUA) from the Sarum, Mode III, and the other Aquinas hymn "Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour" (ADORO TE) are splendid examples of chant, and singable. There are other chants also, for example, Prudentius' hymn "Of the Father's love begotten" that would make wonderful teaching material for youth choirs toward obtaining a better understanding of ancient

hymnody. "Dedication" contains another Allen Eastman Cross hymn: "Pass on the torch, pass on the flame." Hymns on the Bible and the Spiritual Presence complete the third section. A less familiar hymn on the *Sursum Corda* by Henry Montagu Butler, which subtly employs a part of the liturgy, is also excellent source material for background teaching.

The fourth section on "Commitments:" Work, Great Causes, Friends, Nations, World Brotherhood, contains several old hymns with new settings, and, some new hymns as well.

The concluding portion "Destiny" (Victors now) contains that wonderful hymn of Christian Ostergaard: "That cause can neither be lost nor stayed which takes the course of what God has made." The first stanza of this hymn is quite appropriately stated at the beginning of this section. The tune, a Danish folk tune by J. Nellemann, harmonized by Lawrence Curry, is called GOD'S PLAN.

The Worship materials contained at the end of each section of hymns, proves as it has in other hymnals, an invaluable guide for young leaders in the worship service: prayers, responsive readings, poetry and so forth. The hymnal merits the perusal and the purchase by leaders of youth groups and youth choirs. The reviewer only offers one suggestion to these and other editors: could a uniform placement of The Index be made in all hymnals? The searching in front and back to locate a certain hymn, is rather annoying.

—HELEN ALLINGER

THE HYMN REPORTER

BIBLE HYMN FESTIVALS across the nation resulted from the recent contest for a new hymn to celebrate the publication of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. According to Gerald A. Larue who speaks for The Committee on the Use and Understanding of the Bible, formed within the Department of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches, many of them were the result of its efforts. One of the Committee's recommended programs is a Hymn Festival, using "Ten New Hymns on the Bible," published by The Hymn Society. At such services a letter from President Edwards is read, and a statement of the story behind each hymn is given. In Camas, Washington, at the Union Thanksgiving Service, over five hundred persons gathered in the High School auditorium for a Bible Hymn Festival, the largest group ever gathered in that community for a religious service. Massed choirs from the participating churches led the singing. In Phoenix, Arizona, a Bible Hymn Festival with nine hundred participants, climaxed an interchurch emphasis on Bible reading.

A HYMN FESTIVAL on February 12 in Buffalo, New York, brought together three congregations: the Westminster Presbyterian, Holy Trinity Lutheran and St. Paul's Episcopal. Prior to the Festival each congregation was polled to ascertain its favorite hymns, from a list of twenty-two hymns. The following hymns were chosen in order of popularity: "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord

God Almighty," "The Church's one foundation," "A mighty Fortress," "Faith of our Fathers," "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," "All hail the power," "Glorious things of thee," "Beautiful Savior," and "Take my life." The resulting Festival was of truly magnificent proportions, including several hymn anthems, faux bourdon, free organ, and descants. A tune for Jan Struther's hymn, "We thank you, Lord of Heaven," was composed especially for the service by Thomas Canning.

THE HYMN OF THE MONTH continues to be a popular method of teaching new hymns. The First Methodist Church of Glendale, California (Richard R. Alford, Minister of Music), sent out a booklet with the list of Twentieth Century Hymns, for the 1955-56 season, with the following fourfold purpose: a) to encourage better congregational singing, b) to promote increased interest in the great heritage of Christian hymns, c) to deepen the appreciation of the spiritual value of hymns, d) to acquaint the children, youth and adults of the Church with worthy new hymns. The congregation of Grace Covenant Church, Richmond, Virginia (William H. Shutt, Organist), is asked to *memorize* a hymn every month.

A UNIQUE CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE for 1955 was that of Highland Park Methodist Church, Dallas, Texas (Dr. Federal Lee Whittlesey, Minister of Music). The Service was based on Phillips Brooks' poem, "Christmas Everywhere."

TRANSLATING HYMNS has always posed a problem. It is virtually im-

possible to assure that either the poetic structure or the full sense of the hymn can be reproduced. In the J. D. Taylors' 1955 Christmas letter, former missionaries to Africa (ABCFM) report the early appearance of the Words edition of their revised and enlarged Zulu hymnbook. They have translated about one hundred hymns for the new book. Other missionaries, ministers and teachers on the field are also at work translating hymns. The book, when completed, will contain some four hundred hymns. A re-translation of the first stanza of the hymn, "O little town of Bethlehem," is:

The little town of Bethlehem
In utter silence lies,
Her people wrapped in deepest
sleep
Beneath the star-lit skies.
Yet in the village highways
Is kindled on this night
A torch to guide the nations
To God's eternal light.

THE PULPIT, published as a companion of *The Christian Century*, carries a monthly column by Morton S. Enslin which not infrequently speaks rather frankly on matters of annoyance to the columnist. In the February 1956 issue he said: "I greatly enjoy the hearty congregational singing of hymns—providing the bright boys who edit hymnals have not made their hand too heavy in putting asunder words and tunes which custom, and I firmly believe, consecrated common sense have long joined forces in putting together." This is a most timely comment on Proper Tunes. Later, Mr. Enslin pleads for hearty singing of hymns.

RECOGNIZING THAT THERE IS A PAUCITY OF INFORMATION among lay people concerning the place of the hymn in public worship, the clergy of Williamstown, Massachusetts, met to plan a variation of the traditional Lenten worship series rather than the customary series on the "Seven Last Words" or "The Personalities of the Passion" or "The Unity That Binds Us;" they chose to emphasize "Hymns of the Great Tradition."

The initial service in this series included a traditional evensong with the sermon by the Rev. A. Grant Noble emphasizing the use of Anglican hymnody. The Methodist minister, the Rev. Newell E. Davis, presented a Wesleyan service. Frederic Fox, Congregationalist minister, whose church uses the Evangelical and Reformed hymnal, emphasized hymns in the German tradition. The gospel hymns were well exhibited by the Baptist Church, whose pastor, The Rev. Raymond J. Bates, conducted the service. The Williams College Chapel had a program of contemporary and modern hymns.

—THE EDITOR

AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS

THE REVEREND CHARLES L. ATKINS, Minister of the First Congregational Church of Boxford, Massachusetts, a well-known hymnologist, has made accessible to THE HYMN a series of his annotations on Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*.

CANON CHARLES WALLACE BRIGGS, of Worcester Cathedral, who is considered the most notable of living

hymn writers in England, speaks with authority on the subject, "The Making of a Hymn."

THE REVEREND FREDERIC FOX, Minister of The First Congregational Church, Williamstown, Massachusetts, is a member of The Hymnal Committee, now revising *The Pilgrim Hymnal*. His recent articles on hymns have received wide attention.

THE REVEREND JOHN H. JOHANSEN, Pastor of Christ Moravian Church, Winston-Salem, N. C., whose article on John Cennick appeared in THE HYMN, July 1955, has contributed to the current issue another biographical study, this time of a famous woman hymn writer, Frances Ridley Havergal.

JOHN LEO LEWIS, Organist-Choir-master of Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Aurora, Illinois, is the composer of the tune, TALWIK, published for the first time in this periodical. Mr. Lewis has composed many anthems, currently published by the leading music firms of the country, as well as a number of hymn tunes. TALWIK was composed at the request of the Editor of THE HYMN, for Heber's hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to War."

THE REVEREND DANIEL LYMAN RIDOUT is Administrative Secretary of the Methodist Church in the Baltimore area. His study of "Hymnal Names for Deity," is of interest to readers of all denominations, although drawn from *The Methodist Hymnal*, only.

O God, Who to a Loyal Home

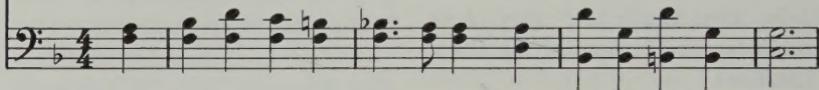
ST. LEONARD C.M.D.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, 1956

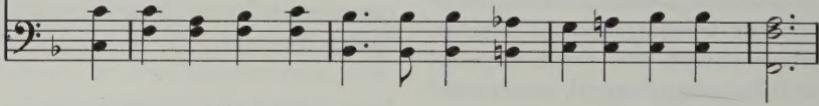
Henry Hiles, 1867



1. O God, who to a loy - al home Didst trust Thy Son di - vine,
2. De - liv - er us from sins which harm Our homes, and mar their peace.
3. Thou art our Fa-ther, and from Thee All faith-ful fam - lies spring;
4. We pray that child-hood's la - tent pow'rs May grow to bless man - kind;



Where faith - ful love and pa - tient work Made dai - ly life be - nign;
May self-less and de - vot - ed love Make strife and dis - cord cease.
To homes where love and hon - or dwell Thou dost Thy bless-ing bring.
That we may guide a - right young lives, For un-guessed good de - signed.



With con - trite shame Thy grace we claim, And lift to Thee our prayer:
With anx - ious zeal, for man-kind's weal And world-wide peace we pray,
O God of love, send from a - bove Thy suc - cor, swift and strong,
O Fa-ther God, whose Son has trod Such low - ly paths as we,



Re - deem our oft un - wor-thy homes Till all is Christ-like there.
But all in vain, if way-ward homes Cause childhood's steps to stray.
That from such homes stout souls may come To tri-umph o-ver wrong.
Help us to build on earth true homes, Till we come home to Thee. A-men.

